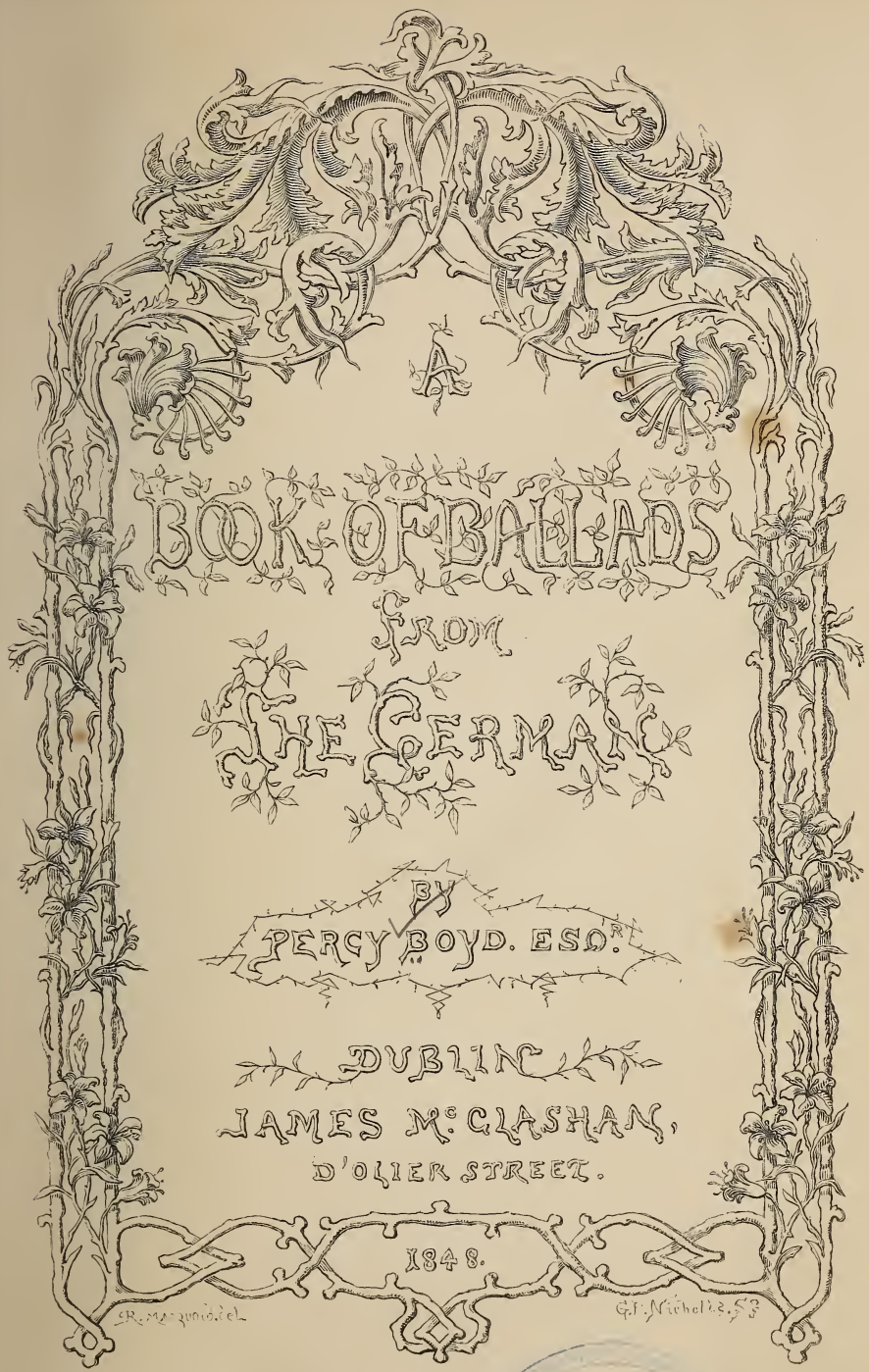
A Book of Ballads

FROM

The German.

London; Printed by Tyler and Reed.


A
BOOK OF BALLADS
FROM
THE GERMAN
BY
PERCY B. BOYD. ESQ.R.
DUBLIN
JAMES McGLASHAN,
D'OLIER STREET.
1848.
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TO

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON,

THE FIRST OF LIVING WRITERS,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG BEEN AN ADMIRER OF HIS GENIUS

AND WHO REMEMBERS WITH GRATITUDE

THE KINDNESS OF HIS HEART.

PREFACE.

It may appear somewhat presumptuous to enter upon a field which has already been occupied by so many distinguished writers, and to send forth to the world a volume of translations from the German, when the market has hitherto been so amply supplied.

It so happened, that, some years since, it was my fortune to be a wanderer in the "Fatherland." Attracted by the magnificent scenery of Heidelberg, I took up a temporary residence there, and availing myself of the opportunity of acquiring the language, I amused my leisure hours by endeavouring to express in my own tongue some of those strange and beautiful lyrics which came in my way: one or two of these attempts having been brought under the notice of a gentleman of literary taste and reputation, also a resident in the same romantic spot, a judgment was pronounced by him, possibly far too favourable for their merits: at all events, the criticism was so friendly that it encouraged me to proceed; and the gossips of the quaint little city having heard of my employment, one or two stray poets would occasionally drop in upon my solitude, to request they might be "done into English." An instance of this occurred which was altogether so ludicrous, that I cannot forbear narrating it.

Sitting, one autumn day, in my apartment, I heard a loud knock at the door; I called out "Herein!" and in marched an elderly lady, in spectacles, a green satin bonnet, and a short cloak.

"Are you the Herr Boyd?" she inquired in broken English. "Ja, gnadige Frau," I replied in unexceptionable German, for she had a something about her, which convinced me, at a glance, that she was not of the "canaille." I was right in my conjecture. She presented a card whereon was inscribed the Frei Frau Von ———: and, having seated herself, proceeded to busi-

ness:—"Your 'uebersetzungs' (translations) are beautiful," said the Frei Frau, taking a pinch of snuff. "Madam," said I, "you are too flattering."

"Not at all," replied the old lady. "Of course you are acquainted with my works?"

"All the world knows them."—It was the first time, however, I had heard of them. "Now," said the Baroness, pulling out a pencil, "if you will only give me 'papier,' I will write a poem, which I wish you very much to translate." A sheet of virgin foolscap was accordingly placed before her, upon which she began scribbling away with the velocity of lightning.

"Here," said she, "is a beautiful poem, which I brought to a countryman of yours, and he rendered 'Scheide, ach Scheide!'—'Go, and return again to-morrow.' Did you ever hear of such a 'Dummkopf?'"

"Gnadige Frau," said I solemnly, "he ought to be hanged."

"He ought," replied the Baroness with sudden ferocity. "I shall be so much obliged to you if you will favour me with a version of it. Good morning." And having opened the door, the Baroness took her departure. Her poem was translated accordingly, and sent to her, the next morning. Having laid this little anecdote before my readers, as an instance of how I was originally led into the scrape, it only remains for me now to state my views upon the subject of translation, which I have endeavoured to carry out in those pieces contained in the following volume.

Most of the translations with which I am acquainted, are, in my humble judgment, either too literal or too obscure. In some, the original is followed word for word, and line for line, with an accuracy "so excruciating," that the sense is diluted, and the poem rendered perfectly distasteful to the English reader. Literal translation, especially in poetry, I hold to be impracticable, and the worst of all translators those who pride themselves the most upon a strict adherence to the original; in others, the original is lost sight of altogether,—new thoughts and new images are introduced, always to the detriment of the piece;

and—with the exception of the poems of Schiller, which have been translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton with a fidelity and a beauty which cannot be surpassed, and can only be appreciated by those who know the difficulty of understanding this Author—most of the translators have fallen into one or other of these errors.

In this volume it has been my endeavour to avoid both extremes. Whether the attempt is fated to be successful, remains to be decided. The object of a translator ought to be, to express himself, as nearly as possible, in the words which the poet would have adopted, had he been writing in the language into which the translation is made. I do not pretend to intrude these Poems on the public as literal translations, but I have not marred their beauty by introducing thoughts which they do not contain. He who would translate well, ought, after reading the poem, to close the book, and then, having reflected upon the subject, endeavour to clothe the ideas in the language into which he translates; if he is able to adopt the cadence and the rhythm of the original, so much the better.

It is the opinion of Schlegel, that verse translation should be nearer to the original than paraphrase, but less close to it than metaphrase. I quote from memory, but this is the sum and substance of that great critic's maxim; it is, at all events, that by which I have been guided.

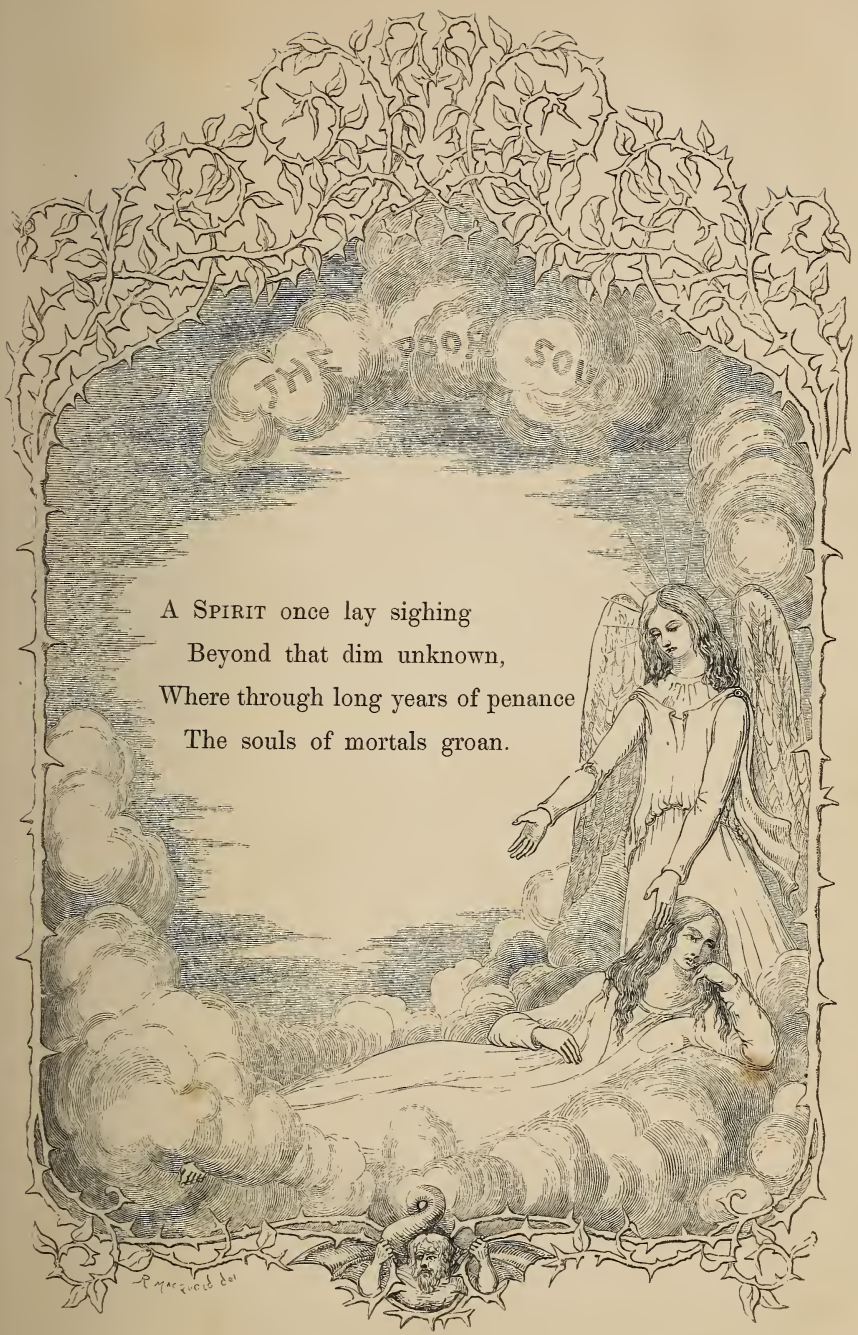
I feel that some apology is due for having attempted any of the poems of Schiller; they were, however, translated before I had the pleasure of reading those by Sir E. Lytton, and I have therefore allowed them to share the venture with the rest, in the hope they may not be unacceptable to the mere English reader; the more especially, as it has been my chief object, while avoiding the mysticism of the originals, to preserve as much of their wildness and beauty as possible; and although a few of the pieces which are here selected have been translated by Lord Egerton and others, I believe that this volume contains many which have never before appeared in an English dress. While resident in Germany, I obtained access to some rare and valuable collections, in one of which I found

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ERRATA.

Page 20, Washes *for* lashes; lighted *for* lightest.
,, 24, Depths *for* breast.
,, 61, Is the mystic watch-word *for* mystic is, etc.
,, 71, North's *for* North.



A Spirit once lay sighing
Beyond that dim unknown,
Where through long years of penance
The souls of mortals groan.

" And still," sighed the poor Spirit.
" A thousand years of pain
I'd live, could I behold once more
Mine own dear love again."

From heaven an Angel floating,
With wings as white as snow,
In his arms took up the Spirit,
To heal of all its woe.

In gentle accents speaking,
Full of sweet peace and love,
" Come with me, hapless Spirit,
To heaven's bright realms above."

But the mournful Spirit answer'd,
" I'd pass a life of pain,
Could I revisit only
The bright green earth again.

THE POOR SOUL.

" A thousand years of penance
In torture I would dwell,
To see for one brief instant
Him whom I loved so well."

A glance of tender pity
In the Angel's eye had birth,
As he bore the weeping Spirit
Again to the green earth.

" Beneath the broad cool shadow
Of the waving linden-tree,
I know mine own love wanders,
Still sorrowing for me."

When they near'd the ancient lindens,
Where the pleasant waters flow,
There sat her heart's beloved,—
But he loved another now.



THE POOR SOUL.

For 'neath the waving shadow
Of their ancient trysting-place,
A gentle maid reclining,
Was lock'd in love's embrace.

Then, through the hapless Spirit
Sharp pangs of sorrow thrill,
But the bright Angel gently
In his dear arms held her still.

And higher still, and higher,
They wing'd their way above,
Until they reach'd the portals
Of heaven's bright halls of love.

Then sigh'd the Spirit, weeping,
"I cannot enter there,
A thousand years of penance
'T is yet my lot to bear."

A smile benign and tender
O'er the Angel's features stole,
As he gazed with heavenly pity
On the fond and hapless soul.

" Poor Spirit! all thy sorrows,
Thy woes are o'er at last;
In the torture of one moment,
Thy thousand years have pass'd."



THE LURLEY.



My heart is sad and weary
As tolls the evening chime,
And memory backward wanders
To the pleasant olden time.

The air is cool and freshen'd,
The broad Rhine sweeps below,
And the mountain summits sparkle
In evening's sunset glow.

There resteth on the mountain
A Maiden wondrous fair,
The long rich tresses combing,
Of her golden waving hair.

Of magic power that melody —
 But woe, alas! it brings,
As sweetly in the twilight hour
 That peerless maiden sings.

The sailor hears the music
 Float from the greenwood's side,
And spell-bound, drifts at mercy
 Of the river's rolling tide;

And dash'd on rocks that cluster
 Beneath its heaving swell,
The strain he hears enraptured
 Becomes the sailor's knell.

CHARLEMAGNE

ON THE BRIDGE OF MOONBEAMS.

When night is calmly sleeping on the breast of the broad Rhine,
And the moonbeams' silver splendour rests on the purple vine;
From the mountain slow descending a stately shade comes down,
With sword and regal mantle, and a golden gleaming crown.

'T is Charlemagne, the Emperor—he of the iron hand,
Whose sway a hundred years ago was wide o'er all the land;
From his regal tomb at La Chapelle drawn forth by peasants' prayer,
He comes to bless the teeming vine and breathe the freshen'd air.

CHARLEMAGNE ON THE BRIDGE OF MOONBEAMS.

The moonlight trembling on the wave forms with arch sublime,
A golden bridge of sparkling light by ruin'd Rudesheim;
O'er it the phantom passes with slow and stately stride,
And pours his blessings on the vines that bloom on either side.

A shadowy form with floating robe, then sweeps he through the gloom,
To where gleams white at La Chapelle the marble of his tomb,—
There sleeps till autumn once again shall paint the ripening vine;
Then shall the mighty dead come back to bless his own bright Rhine.

THE BOY BY THE BROOK.

[SCHILLER.]

By the brook a youth was lying,
He twined a wreath of roses gay;
Then, cast aside, he soon beholds it
On the bright waves dance away.
"So glide," he said, "life's fairest moments,
As this swift stream they onward flew,
And like that wreath of fading roses,
My flowers of youth have wither'd too.

"Then ask not why I linger, mourning,
Ere life's spring-time has taken wing,
When hope and joy give all a welcome,
In this happy time of spring.
The fresh, green earth again rejoices,
The buds burst forth from flower and tree;
But holy nature's thousand voices
Wake only bitter grief for me.

"Why should I revel in those pleasures,
When grief doth all my sunshine mar?
She for whom my soul is pining,
Though near, is still the Ever-Far.
I stretch my arms, the dear one seemeth
At last my fond embrace to fill;
But, ah! the shadow-shape flits from me,
And the poor heart is lonely still.

"Oh come, sweet love! come down to meet me,
From thine old castle's stately hall;
Not on this stream, but thy soft bosom,
The sweetest flowers of spring shall fall.
The dimpling stream laughs back the echo
Of joyous nature's choir above:
Oh! earth has not a hut too lowly
For happy pairs that truly love."

A STUDENT'S SONG.



Brothers! when the sand is waning
In life's hour-glass faint and low,
When no more the bright bowl draining,
To my last, long home I go,—

But one care from your love I 'll borrow;
Without the pomp of vain parade,
In some green spot, afar from sorrow,
See your old companion laid.

And let the bier on which you bear him
Be form'd from some old wine-cask's wood,
And place the crystal goblet near him,
From which he quaff'd life's ruby flood.

A STUDENT'S SONG.

Let him not rest in earth's damp bosom,
But 'neath some purple clustering vine;
No tree should o'er his relics blossom
Save that which yielded sparkling wine.

As, man by man, you sadly follow
Old friends on earth for the last time,—
'Stead of the death-bell's tolling hollow,
The goblet's music be his chime.

And o'er his tomb be then inscribed
A story which shall only tell,—
When this man lived he laugh'd—imbibed,
And now, life's banquet o'er—sleeps well.

THE THREE STARS.

[KŒRNER.]

When the clouds of this life darken o'er us,
Three stars through the gloom gaily shine;
And they sparkle so brightly before us,
We call them — Love, Music, and Wine.

For there lies in the voice of sweet singing
A spell that can banish all pain;
And the joys of the past seem reviving
In our hearts with its glad notes again.

And the wine-cup, fill'd high, and o'erflowing,
Bestows such delight as we sing,—
Oh! the world then before us seems glowing,
In the hue of perpetual spring.

But the third star—the third, as above us—
It sparkles with ray so benign;
Oh! it melts on the soul like sweet music,
And glows in the bosom like wine.

Then onward, through life as we wander,
Kind planets! continue to shine;
And we until death, still grow fonder
Of love, and sweet music, and wine:

When the lamps of the festival glitter,
May your kind rays the revel prolong;
Here's "health, then,—long life to the giver
Of kisses, love, drinking, and song."



HERE rode a knight down the mountain pass,
From the Holy Land returning—
His pennon afar, like some flashing star,
Through the evening's shade was burning.

And he thought of his love, as he left her side,
Of her blue eye fondly beaming,—
"Shall my home be now those dear arms," he cried,
"Or the couch that knows no dreaming?"

Then rose there a sound on the midnight gale,
Like the voice of a spirit sighing—
"Thy only rest is on earth's green breast,
Where, knight, thou shalt soon be lying!"
And then, as he pass'd on his homeward way,
Was his heart with sorrow dreary;
And he sadly sigh'd, and a voice replied,—
"O earth, receive the weary!"

Then roll'd a tear down his bronzed cheek,
As he gazed on his love's last token:
"In the grave so deep shall they calmly sleep,
Whose peace upon earth is broken!"

And the echo returns with a solemn tone
The words which the knight has spoken—
"They calmly sleep in the grave so deep,
Whose peace upon earth is broken!"



THE SUNKEN CITY.

[MÜLLER.]



The bells of evening, from the deep sea ringing,
Peal faint and hollow their melodious chime,
Strange tidings of a wonder City bringing,
'Neath its waves whelmed in the olden time.

And though the tide of ocean, ever streaming,
Lashes the place of that old city's grave,
Its golden battlements are still seen gleaming,
At evening mirror'd in the lightest wave.

And once the boatman who has seen them glisten
In the clear twilight, with enchanted ray,—
He lingers, spell-bound, for those chimes to listen,
Though rocks rise, threatening, in his ocean way.

Thus to the heart, like these sweet chimes, comes often
A strange sad voice from memory's phantom shore,
And wayward thoughts the dreamer's vision soften,
Of love long vanish'd — to return no more!

The faded ruins of a world once splendid,
Now deeply buried in the Past's dim sea,
With thoughts and hopes that long ago seem'd ended,
In dreams of midnight rise again to me.

Beneath the rays which memory's light was flinging,
I long to vanish in those dim waves' foam;
And angel voices, to my spirit singing,
Call me to memory's Wonder City home.

HOPE.

[SCHILLER]

How often do visions before us rise
 Of happier days to come,—
And a golden goal 'neath brighter skies
 Tempts ever our steps to roam!
The world will grow old and young by turns,
But still for "the better" man ever yearns.

Hope's rosy smile o'er our birth has shone—
 O'er childhood's and manhood's page
She leads with her light, Youth laughing on;
 She is not buried with weary Age.
When the grave has closed o'er each vision fair,
Then the Banner of Hope is planted there.

HOPE.

It is no idle or empty thought,
The fruit of a dreaming brain —
It speaks to the heart with a thunder voice,
"We never were born in vain:"
That voice hath a meaning rich and strange,
Which the soul that hopeth shall never change.



THE GRAVE.



The grave is deep and silent,—
On its brink dark horrors stand;
A black veil shrouds the portals
Of that undiscover'd land.

The nightingale's sweet singing,
In its breast can never sound;
Nor love, her roses flinging,
Break through the mossy ground.

Nor can the bride, forsaken,
As she wrings her hands in woe,
Nor the wail of the orphan waken
The dust that sleeps below.

Yet in that place so lonely,
Can the peace we have sought for come;
And man, through its dark gates only,
Pass to his quiet home.

And the heart that with grief is riven,
Finds ever on that still shore,
From the storms of life a haven,
Where its billows break no more!

TO A COQUETTE.



Too late on me thou smilest,
Too late are all thy sighs,
For wither'd are those feelings
Which once thou bad'st arise.

And vainly do thy glances
Of love, of beauty, shine,
Like sunbeams o'er a monument,
On this cold heart of mine.

THE SECRET.

[SCHILLER.]

No sound from her sweet lip was heard—
 For many a listener hover'd nigh;
Another voice my spirit stirr'd—
 The language of her speaking eye.
Then, stealing to some peaceful glade,
 Where the tall beech-tree rears his crest,
Beneath the blossom-woven shade,
 I sink in her dear arms to rest.

From far—with sounds of busy strife
 The toilsome day still labours on;
And, rising o'er the tide of life,
 Resounds the hammer's sullen tone.
So man, with eager, strong endeavour,
 His life of toil must aye pursue;
While God's sweet peace is falling ever,
 Down on the blessed earth, like dew.

THE SECRET.

No! the rude world can never know it—
The bliss of love without alloy;
For they alone would mar the sweetness,
Who have not tasted of the joy.
Conceal'd from mankind's vulgar fancies,
In solitude true love must dwell;
Where envy, with intruding glances,
Can never break the charméd spell.

On tiptoe comes the fair one, stealing;
She loves at quiet eve to stray;
But should one curious eye behold her,
With noiseless step she glides away.
Sweep round us, sweep! thou eddying river,
With waves that widen as they flow;
Guard from profaning steps for ever
The only heaven we here can know.

THE TWO ROSES.



For a fair and blue-eyed maiden
In vain a youth once sigh'd;
And then, with grief o'erladen,
The hapless lover died.

O'er the pale form she bended,
From her cheek the bloom had pass'd;
"Lay me, when life is ended,
In his dear grave at last."

Vainly to hope they pray'd her;
Her once bright eye grew dim,
And soon, too soon, they laid her
In the cold grave with him.

THE TWO ROSES.

By his side she now reposes,
In death's long—last embrace;
From the turf two dewy roses
Weep o'er her resting-place.

There sleeps she by her lover;
In the blue air above—
The roses still hang over
The lowly grave of love.

In a lovers' knot entwined
Their branches green have sped;
For their roots are deep enshrined
In the true hearts of the dead.

[FREILIGRATH.]

HAIL to thee! time-worn teacher,
Friend of my childhood's days;
How oft, by dear hands open'd,
Thy page has met my gaze—
Where, from his pastime turning,
The boy, in glad surprise,
Has seen before him burning,
The blaze of Eastern skies!

Wide hast thou flung the portals
Of many a clime, I ween,
And on thy picture-pages
Are dreams of beauty seen.

Thanks! that a new world greeteth,
Through thee, my wondering eye;
The palm-tree and the desert,
And camels gliding by.

'T is thou hast brought them near me,
Sages and seers of old,
Whose lives inspired prophets
In burning words have told.
And I see young graceful maidens,
Of face and form divine,
Like dreams of rarest beauty,
Upon thy pages shine.

Then come the patriarch sages,
Men of the hoary head;
And as they pass, bright angels
Keep watch upon their tread.

Their flocks — I saw them drinking
From the river's crystal flood,
As, wrapt in noon-day musing,
Before thy page I stood.

E'en at this hour I see thee,
Though years have passed since then,
With thy pages open lying
On the old arm-chair again.
With beauty fresh and changeless,
Thy pictures still are bright
As when I first bent o'er them
With all a child's delight.

Once more I am beholding
Those forms grotesque and strange;
Their colour hath not faded,
Their beauty cannot change:

For every well-known picture,
By the artist's cunning wrought,
And every bud and blossom,
Is with holy meaning fraught.

Again I stand, entreating,
Beside my mother's knee,
And she tells once more the meaning
Of each quaint mystery.
And my grey-hair'd father near me,
As I bend my eager brow,—
Methinks, still gently smiling,
I see the old man now.

Oh times! old times! for ever,
Pass'd like a vision by,
The Picture Bible gleaming,—
The young believing eye;

Those dear old parents bending
O'er the boy so young and gay;
The true and trusting childhood,
All, all have pass'd away!



OTHO THE THIRD'S LAMENT.



O Earth, take thou the weary,
Whose joy in life has pass'd,
Whose pilgrimage has ended
On the far south at last.
I linger on the portal
That shrouds the land unknown,
And twenty springs immortal
Have swiftly o'er me flown.

With visions unfulfill'd,
In hopeless grief I stand,
For the reins of power have fallen,
With which I held the land.
Another king may rule it —
A mightier one retain,
Ev'n from the Seven-hill'd City,
To the far Northern main.

But in that spirit-kingdom
Still shame pursues my track,
And from the land of shadows,
It calls my spirit back.
In vain with wild entreaties
The awful doom I shun,
The pale forms rise before me,
Of Cresentius and of John.

But no! those cold, stern spirits
My ardent prayers have moved;
Again I shall behold him—
The father that I loved.
For whom, so vainly yearning,
I ask'd in boyhood's years;
And o'er whose grave, too early,
I shed an orphan's tears.

OTHO THE THIRD'S LAMENT.

I feel, alas! how idle
 Fame's choicest gifts are now;
The crown by others envied,
 Which press'd my infant brow.
That which appear'd so mighty
 Has to a shadow come;
Oh, World, thou art as nothing!
 So worthless thou, oh, Rome!

Rome, where my youth has faded,
 Like a shrivel'd leaf away—
It is not meet that with thee
 Should sleep Imperial clay!
Near those who did betray me
 My dust may not remain,
Then bear me hence, and lay me
 By the mighty Charlemagne.

OTHO THE THIRD'S LAMENT.

There palms above are waving,
 There banners round are spread,—
And where a prouder canopy
 To shield the mighty dead?
Yes, I have seen him lying
 In his imperial state;
These hands have dared to open
 The coffin of the Great.

Oh, friends, then cease your grieving,
 And speak me cheering words;
Cleave for my funeral chariot
 A passage with your swords.
Some laurels, early gather'd,
 My lowly grave may claim;
Then lay the nameless soldier
 Beside the man of fame.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.



Soft as moonlight's silver splendour,
There gleams beside a fountain's shower,
A blossom of ray benign and tender,—
Oh! know ye not the fairy flower?

Soft as the azure hue of heaven,
When no dull cloud its shadow flings:
Emblem of truth, to us 't is given,
And comfort to the heart it brings.

Now, while mine own beloved listens,
As this sweet flow'ret breathes its thought;
Within her eye a tear-drop glistens,
And soft she sighs, "Forget me not!"

WINGS! WINGS!

Wings! to bear me over
Mountain and vale away;
Wings! to bathe my spirit
In morning's sunny ray.

Wings! that I might hover
At morn above the sea;
Wings! through life to bear me,
And death triumphantly!

Wings! like youth's fleet moments
Which swiftly o'er me pass'd;
Wings! like my early visions,
Too bright, too fair to last.

WINGS! WINGS!

Wings! that I might recal them,—
The loved, the lost, the dead;
Wings, that I might fly after
The past—long vanishéd.

Wings! from this weary earth
To bear me o'er the foam,
Where a golden crown is shining
Above the Land of Home.

DRINKING SONG

OF THE WESTPHALIAN STUDENTS.



COME, brothers, fill once more with me;
With wine the cup foams high;
Oh! shame so bright a bowl to see,
And not to drain it dry.

When beaming eyes are round us, boy,
When music's soft strains fall,
And the bowl laughs back the light of joy,
Shall we not drink it all?

Sweet hopes that then have slumber'd long,
The deep-stirr'd heart shall move;
As drain we, 'midst the voice of song,
The brightest glass to Love.

DRINKING SONG.

Thou who inspir'st, in manhood's prime,
The soul with raptures free,
And wreath'st with flowers the wings of time,—
O Love, we drink to thee!

And fading as the roses are
Which cluster o'er our way;
A flower which blooms like this, so fair,
We 'll gather while we may.

But see, the glasses empty stand,
While peals a louder strain;
On high, then, fill with ready hand,
And crown the bowl again.

Brothers! one flowing bumper more,
We'll pray with patriot spirit yet,
That o'er this land, from shore to shore,
The sun of Freedom may not set.

FREEDOM AND RIGHT.



Oh, think not she sleepeth with those who have perish'd
In dungeons unnumbered by tyranny's sword;
In the hearts of the free shall her dear name be cherish'd,
Though their lips are forbidden to utter "the Word."
Yes! though, lone exiles by mountain and valley,
They wander uncheer'd by lost liberty's light,
There's a pulse in the heart of the Freeman to rally,
While Freedom still liveth, and with her the Right.
For Freedom and Right!

Till victory's sun-burst shall flash o'er our standard,
No check must impede us, no danger affright,
But with courage redoubled, the first in the vanward,
Our war-cry will thunder, For Freedom!—for Right!
These twin ones, the holy, have come, born of heaven,
To earth by a path track'd in colours of light;
To the Right let the honours of Freedom be given,
To the Free be the glories ascribed of the Right.
Hail! the Freedom! the Right!

Let this too inspire us, they never were flying
From fight unto fight more exulting than now;
And the souls which have longest in bondage been lying,
Are stirr'd with the rapture of Liberty's glow.
Oh! let but one ray of that meteor of wonder
Burst in through the darkness of slavery's night,
And like magic the bonds of the serf are asunder,
And the chains of the Negro are rent at the sight.
The Freedom! the Right!

Yes! your banner of crimson floats broad in the vanward,
The nations have gather'd to see it unfurl'd;
For the motto emblazon'd on liberty's standard,
Is the death of oppression,—that Right rules the world;
What a halo of glory, O God! they shine clear in,
Like a garland hung over that banner of might;
There is Germany's oak, and the shamrock of Erin,
And the olive of Greece in that garland of light.
The Freedom! the Right!

Though many a heart that now throbs shall be lying
In peace, its last slumber and rest will be light,
And over their graves shall that standard, far flying,
Tell how they fought for "the Freedom--the Right!"
To the memory, then, of the brave, the true-hearted,
Fill up! they have battled 'gainst tyranny's might,
Nor ceased from the struggle till life had departed;
Hurra! Right for ever! and Freedom through Right!
The Freedom! the Right!

THE PRAYER.

Go; but when love's ray beameth,
 May your heart with its feeling thrill;
Through grief's dark clouds it gleameth,
 A light from the heaven still.

Go; but let Hope still borrow,
 A smile to cheer thy lot;
It shines, as a star in sorrow—
 A God's "Forget-me-not."

Go; and may Faith yet o'er thee,
 Beam with its ray divine;
It saith, "'Mid the gloom before thee,
 Trust in a light like mine."

Go; and though grief has clouded
 The path that was once so bright,
Who loves not in sorrow shrouded,
 Can never love in light.



THE LANDLADY'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

O'er Heidelberg's old castle
The morning sunbeams shine,
As journey forth three students
Across the silver Rhine.

And they come to a small hostel,
Where, in the time of old,
Rich wine of Asmanshauser,
The good Frau Wirthin sold.

"We know the juice is famous,
Which from thy grape is press'd;
Come, then — a flagon give us,
Frau Wirthin! of thy best."
High in the mantling brimmer
The rich wine sparkles red —
But she whose eye was brighter —
My gentle child — is dead!

Then forth into the chamber
They took their mournful way;
Where, like a fair flower wither'd,
Frau Wirthin's daughter lay:

And the foremost, on her gazing,
As he mark'd her pale cold brow,
Said, "Maiden, ah! I knew not
How I loved thee until now!"

When the second saw her lying
Calmly as one that slept,
He turn'd him in the chamber,
And bow'd his head and wept.
But the third, before replacing
O'er her couch the funeral veil,
Bent down and kiss'd the maiden
Upon her lips so pale:—
"To thee the dearest homage
I gave, which heart can pay;
Stern Death may take thy beauty,
But not my love — away."

TO THE IDEAL.

[SCHILLER.]



Faithless! and art thou doom'd to go?
With every graceful phantasy—
With all thy rapture—all thy woe—
Inexorable—wilt thou fly?
Can nothing stay thee, fleeting one?
Oh golden spring of life's fair prime!
Must thy sweet waters hasten on
Into the boundless sea of Time?

Those suns so warm, alas! have faded,
Which o'er our boyhood's pathway shone—
That bright Ideal, which had made it
The solace of my soul—is gone.
Gone—gone are all the thoughts endearing,
From whence those dreams of bliss had birth;
And heavenly visions, then so cheering,
Have long made way for things of earth.

TO THE IDEAL.

As once, when Hope and Passion fired him,
Pygmalion clasp'd the lifeless stone,
Till the cold marble, which inspired him,
Glow'd with a rapture like his own.
For Nature thus the poet panted—
Around her form his arms would twine,
Until the breath of life enchanted
Him with a passion warm as mine—
To tree, to flower, new life was given,
To silvery fount a sweeter strain;
Ev'n soulless things felt bliss in living—
In joyous youth, what lives in vain?

Great thoughts seem'd ever hov'ring o'er me—
My pent-up spirit yearnéd then
To plunge into the life before me,
And mingle with the deeds of men.
The world in glorious hues seem'd painted—
Peopled with wonder-shapes sublime;
But now, how all is disenchanted
Beneath the spoiling hand of Time!

TO THE IDEAL.

The boy—his future all unclouded,
 Springs forth with dreams of love and truth,
Unchill'd by care—by grief unshrouded;
 And girded with the strength of youth.
Up! up! to Ether's palest planet,
 In joyous flight his thoughts would spring;
Nought so high, but he could span it
 Within the reach of that proud wing.

What dreams of fortune onward bore him—
 His soul with lofty visions fed,
While dancing in the sun before him,
 An aëry throng life's chariot led.
The hope of Love's reward within him—
 Truth, with her day-beams glancing down—
Fortune, with golden wreath to win him—
 And glorious Fame with starry crown.

But, ah! too soon shall he discover,
 Long ere the final goal be won —
Ere half his weary course is over,
 Those friends have left him, one by one.
Mirth was the earliest one to leave him—
 The thirst for Knowledge linger'd last:
But gloomy clouds of Doubt deceive him,
 And soon the sun of Truth o'ercast.

I saw the wreath of glory shading
 A lowly brow of common clay,
And Love's sweet spring-time swiftly fading,
 Fleet, like a summer noon, away.
No trembling gleam of Hope was throwing
 One smile to cheer the lonely road,
Which ever still, and stiller growing —
 My faltering footsteps slowly trod.

But who, of those I deem'd abiding,
Still lingers, faithful, firm, and fast,
Loving, comforting, and guiding
Me to the House of Gloom at last?
FRIENDSHIP — 'twas thy kind hand that lighten'd
The anguish of the spirit-wound;
And life's most weary moments brighten'd —
Thou! whom I earliest sought, and found.

And who aided that blest friend to cheer me,
Lulling the storms of life to rest?
'T was Labour, lingering ever near me —
Companion whom I loved the best.
For Eternity's vast building,
With grains of sand the pile she rears;
Still to Time's great fabric yielding
The debts of minutes, days, and years.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.



When the iron tongue of midnight
 Is heard from far to toll,
A shadowy Drummer leaves his grave,
 And calls the muster-roll.

The drum it echoes strangely—
 Solemn and loud the sound;
And shades of grisly warriors
 Are rising from the ground.

They from the North, whose winding-sheet
 Of snow and ice was made;
And they who in sunny Italy
 Their weary bones have laid.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

They by the Nile who slumber
In far Arabia's sand —
Up from their graves are rising —
A grim and armèd band.

Forth from his tomb, at midnight,
The Trumpeter hath pass'd,
And winds upon his bugle
A loud and ringing blast.

Mounted on aëry chargers,
With arms of glittering hue,
The squadrons of the Ancient Guard
Pass by in long review.

But 'neath each polish'd helmet
A ghastly skull is seen—
From bony hands is flashing
The sabre's deadly sheen.

At the same hour of midnight
The Emperor leaves his tomb;
And, with his staff around him,
Rides slowly through the gloom.

Beside him plumes are waving,
And arms in long array;
But a simple hat he weareth,
And a simple coat of grey.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

By the yellow moonbeams lighted,
The plain shines clear as glass,
As the Emperor sees in long review
His troops before him pass.

The ranks bear arms presented—
They shoulder them again;
And the clanging of the muskets
Resounds upon the plain.

The Marshals and the Generals
Around him throng with pride;
The Emperor softly whispers
To the man he stands beside.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

The word like lightning flieth —
 It circles far and nigh —
France! — mystic is the watch-word —
 St. Helena! — the reply.

This is the great Review,
 At midnight, which they say
Departed Cæsar holds
 On his own Champs Elysées.

THE FOREST-MASTER'S SONG.

Long life to all that is green on earth!
I love — how I love that hue!—
The green, for the forests wear it,
And the joyous hunters too.

How merry it is on the mountain's steep,
Where the stormy clouds ride past,
To list to the stag-hounds' music deep,
And the thrill of the bugle's blast.

To the monarch I leave his golden crown,
And his regal robe of pride;
The throne for me is the old oak-tree,
My home is the wild wood's side.

THE FOREST-MASTER'S SONG.

His purple robe, in his kingly hall,
May gleam with a royal sheen,
For me to wear 't is not half so fair
As mine own gay forest green.

Then, when the breath of morn has play'd,
And the freshen'd breeze blows free,
O come, sweet love! through the wood's green shade,
To a hunter's home with me.

I 'll rear for thee, sweet! a summer bower,
Where the blushing roses spring,
And around that bower shall each wild flower
Its dewy fragrance fling.

And far beneath us, the tide of life,
In yon peopled village grey,
As in converse sweet I lie at thy feet,
Shall roll on its ceaseless way.

Thus roaming on through the world with thee,
Where the old oak forests wave,
In the wild wood's shade shall our home be made —
On its sunny slopes our grave.

THE LONGING.

[SCHILLER]



From this lone vale, where darkly hover
 Cold clouds around the mountain's brow,
Could I one quiet path discover,
 Ah! forth how gladly would I go.

Before me, bright with hues of Heaven,
 A pleasant clime is smiling still;
Would that wings of power were given
 To bear me to that blessed Hill!

Strains divine of music pealing,
From silver harps, all sweet and clear,
On the light winds gently stealing,
Are wafted to my spirit here.

Amid the vine's dark foliage gleaming
Clusters of golden fruit are shown,
And flowers in dewy fragrance beaming
Which winter's blight have never known.

How sweet 't would be, for ever straying,
In endless sunshine there to dwell;
The winds that round that Hill are playing,
Bear healing on their balmy swell.

But, ah! that land can never win me,
Storm-tost waves between us sweep;
My very soul would faint within me
To venture on that angry deep.

One tiny skiff I see there living—
No pilot near the helm to guide;
Bound boldly in, then—no misgiving;
Its sails are bending o'er the tide.

Have faith! and try the venture lonely;
Heaven may lend no helping hand;—
A miracle will bring men only
Into the glorious Wonder Land!

THE NUN.

[UHLAND.]



In a shady cloister garden,
By the moonbeam's silver light,
There roam'd a gentle Maiden,
So late of beauty bright.

But her cheek's rich bloom has faded,
As the rose when summer dies;
And crystal tears are falling
From her star-like, loving eyes.

Woe! woe is me!—my true love,
Alas! is dead and gone;
And I am left to wander
In this bleak world alone.

And is he gone for ever?
In vain my tears must flow;
No earthly love can follow—
A glorious angel now.

The pale moon's rays thick falling
On the Virgin's picture, shine;
As the Maiden bendeth meekly
Before that blessed shrine.

Then the sweet peace of Heaven
Steals o'er her with calm breath;
And even as she weepeth,
Her eye-lids close in death!

THE DYING GIRL'S SERENADE.

[UHLAND.]



What music, through my slumbers pealing,
Breaks in with fitful swell?
Oh, mother! 'tis the sweet strain stealing
Of the old song I lov'd well.

Rest thee! Earth's gay dreams do hover
O'er thy fever'd slumber wild;
For Serenade no more shall lover
Bring to my poor dying child.

Ah! now I see them upward winging
Their way, with forms so bright;
It was the angels I heard singing—
My mother dear, good night!

CONSTANCY.

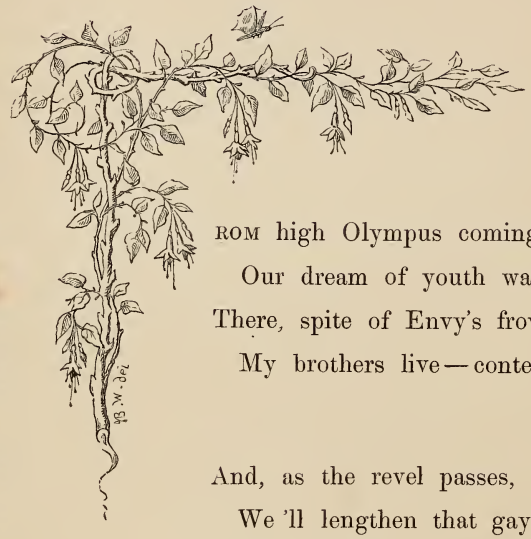
[HEINE.]

On high there stands a Pine-tree,
Where the North drear woods are spread,
And snow and ice hang over,
Pall-like, his drooping head;—

Of a graceful Palm he dreameth,
That far in an Eastern land
Is seen, like some mourning beauty
Faded — alone to stand.

HIGH OLYMPUS.

[BURSCHEN.]



FROM high Olympus coming,
Our dream of youth was sent;—
There, spite of Envy's frowning,
My brothers live — content.

And, as the revel passes,
We 'll lengthen that gay dream
With the music of bright glasses,
And the schlager's flashing beam.

When o'er youth's sea of pleasure
We calmly glide along,
From isles of fadeless summer,
Joy smiles in light and song.

But when that smile is lightest,
A cloud will soonest rise;
And oft the sun when brightest
Goes down in clouded skies.

If so it pleaseth Heaven
Our quiet path to bless,
We 'll journey, friends beloved!
Through life in happiness.

But when that dim cloud gathers
Which bids our friendship cease,
Where the green sod wraps our fathers
We 'll sleep at last in peace.

See how the wine-cup sparkles—
To the brim on high then fill;
Drain it to her who blesses
Thy dream of young love still.

But is there one departed—
A brother—in his bloom—
We 'll pray when the true-hearted
Rests in his quiet tomb.

Though sadly we deplore him—
Where the weeping willows wave—
Light rest the green turf on him—
Peace to our brother's grave!

THE QUESTION.

[HEINE.]

And do I love thee! turn to yon blue heaven,
Whose stars a lustre through dull midnight fling,
List to the sound which Echo back has given,
And say—oh! say, what answer doth it bring?

And can I leave thee? Look upon the glancing
Of eyes impassion'd with a love like mine;
And oh! the bliss, believe me, is entrancing,
When my lip trembles in a kiss to thine.



The Minstrel's Curse

[UHLAND.]

There was an ancient Castle once, in a place of pride it stood,
And grimly frowned down over the dark blue ocean flood;
By gardens fresh with blooming flowers it was embower'd round,
And, rainbow-hued, fair fountains sprung, cool gushing from the ground.

And there enrich'd with trophied spoils from many a clime, I ween,
A gloomy tyrant, stern and pale, sat in his purple sheen;
His glance was full of fury — fate hung on his breath;
When he spoke, it was for torture — when he wrote, it was for death.

To that proud castle once there came a simple Minstrel pair,—
One graced with locks of silver, and one with golden hair;
The elder minstrel, harp in hand, upon a palfrey rode —
Beside him, full of blooming youth, the younger minstrel trod.

"Be ready now, my son," he said — "with all thine
art profound,
To call up from thy mine of song its fullest, sweetest
sound,
Of power to 'waken pleasant thoughts — of power to
banish pain,
For we must stir this monarch's heart with our en-
chanted strain."

The minstrels twain are standing now in the castle's
hall of pride,—
Where, on his throne, the tyrant sat—the fair queen by
his side;
His visage dark and scowling, like warfare's lurid
gleam,
While hers was soft and beautiful, as smiles the young
moon's beam.

Then swept the bard the silver chords — he swept them
full and clear;
That richer yet, and richer, the strain melts on the
ear;
And in the music's pauses there swept sublime and
high,
As from the choir of Heaven, the youth's sweet
melody.

They sung of love and friendship, and of that golden
time,
When hope lies bright before us — when life is in its
prime;
Of all those high and holy thoughts with which man's
breast can glow,
Which shed the purest happiness the human heart can
know.

The magic strains, with wondrous power, fell on the
courtier throng,
And veteran warriors, bronz'd in fight, bow'd to the
god of Song:
The queen — her heart o'erflowing with sorrow, love,
and joy,
Took from her snowy breast a rose, and cast it to the
boy.

"Thou 'st stolen my vassal's fealty — thou hast se-
duced my bride,"—
With deadly passion trembling, the savage tyrant
cried;
Then hurl'd his sword, as gleams from heaven the
lightning's fatal dart,
And the life-blood welled with his sweet songs from
the poor minstrel's heart.

Scatter'd like chaff by winter's storm, the crowd is swept away,
As struggling, in his master's arms, the dying minstrel lay:
Then to his steed he bore him, wrapp'd in his mantle's fold,
And left the fatal castle, with step serene and bold.

By the lofty gateway pausing, the old man stood alone,
Then grasp'd his harp — that harp of his, of sweetest earthly tone,
And by a marble column he dash'd its silver strings,
And shriek'd till tower and garden with fearful music rings.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

Woe to thee! haughty castle — ne'er may sweet music's strain,
In those still chambers echoing, with song be heard again;
But in your halls the step of slaves, with groans and sighs shall sound,
Till fiends of vengeance trample your proud turrets to the ground.

Woe to you! gardens blooming in all your May-day light;
Look upon this dead minstrel, and wither at the sight:
Henceforth shall all your verdure fade — your rainbow springs be dry,
And trampled by the spoiler's foot, your gardens fair shall lie.

He ceased—but Heaven has heard the grey-haired
minstrel's call—
In mouldering ruin crumbled now lie battlement and
wall;
One solitary column stands—remnant of former
pride,
Soon like its fellows too, to sink, in dark oblivion's
tide.

Where bloom'd those faery gardens, wild heath is waving
now;
No cool tree casts its shadow, no gushing fountains
flow—
No song the king's name numbers in its heroic
verse—
'T is silent and forgotten all—Behold! the Minstrel's
Curse.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO.



HERE is a sound of wailing where Busento rolls his stream along,
At solemn midnight, mingled with the mournful voice of song—
That wailing is for Alaric, the Gothic chieftain dread;
And by the sweeping river, they mourn the mighty dead.

Oh! all too young, and early, and far away from home,
Thy grave, proud chief, must be beneath the dark Busento's foam:
E'er thy hair had lost its waving curl, or boyhood's golden shade,
Or thine eye the flash of Freedom—low must we see thee laid.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO.

Diverted from its channel, the Goths have turn'd the stream aside,
And broad and deep a grave is made beneath its foaming tide:
Meet was that bed to rest in,—most fitting for the brave,
Whose course in life was like the tide of its resistless wave.

Seated upon his war-horse, with his harness gleaming bright,
And the sword which flash'd triumphant in many a Roman fight:
They buried him — then led the stream its channel to resume,
And soon it surged with mournful swell above the hero's tomb.

THE GRAVE IN THE BUSENTO.

No monumental marble, rich with tracery and gold,
Where the hand of art has warlike deeds in living letters told :
No pyramid enduring, — no proud cathedral's nave —
Could be so meet a sepulchre as that river for the brave !

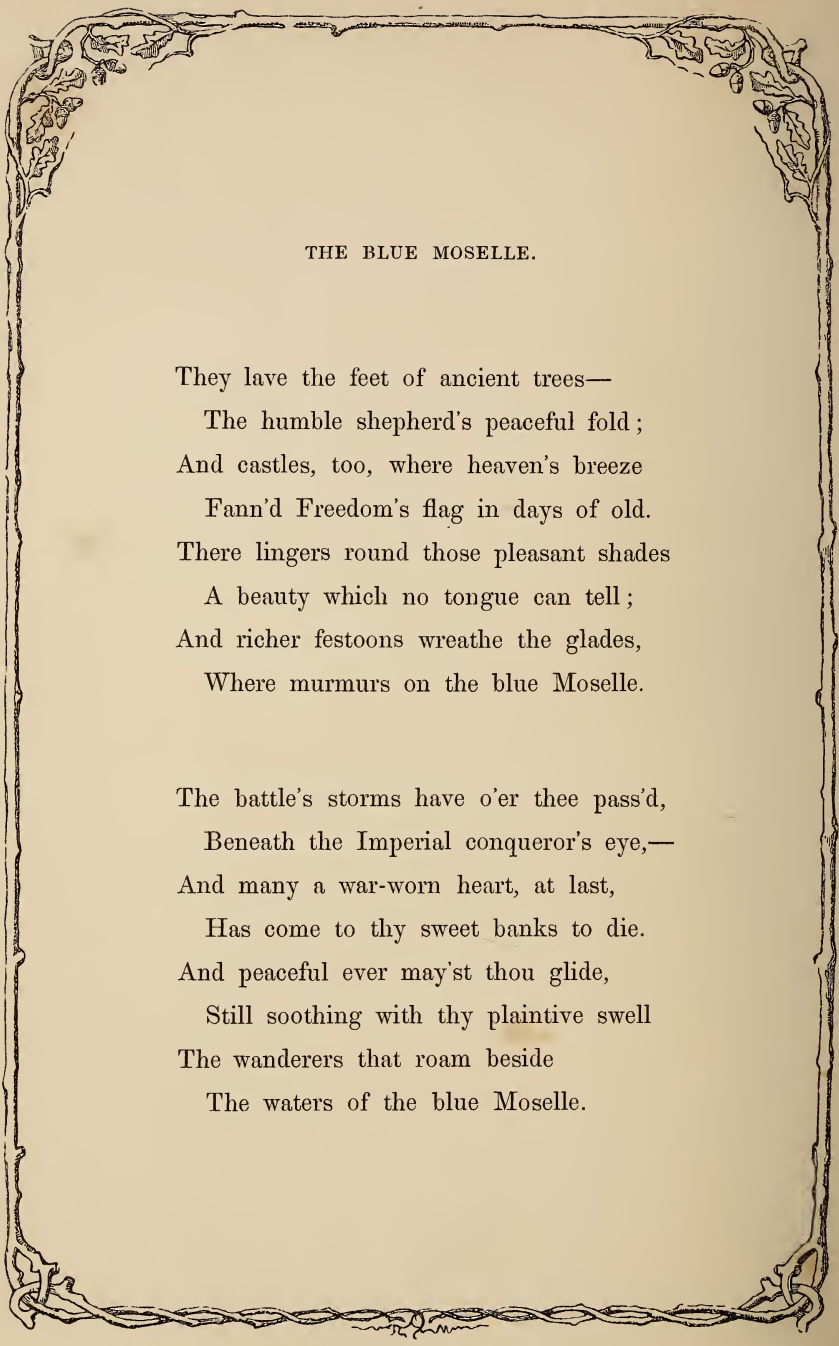
Then rose, in martial chorus, above the sweeping tide :
" Sleep peacefully — great Hero ! sleep, in thy laurel'd pride ;
No Roman foot shall ever press with its profaning tread,
The grave where rest the ashes of the Immortal Dead."

THE BLUE MOSELLE.



Oh, there are rivers not less fair,
Whose waters ancient cities lave;
While ruin'd castles sternly rear
Their ramparts o'er the heaving wave.
But none so calmly ripple by,
With such a plaintive, soothing swell,
As those which glide before mine eye—
The waters of the blue Moselle.

Old castles rear their haughty crest,
Still grimly proud in life's decline;
And purple vineyards kiss the breast
Of the deep-rolling, mighty Rhine.
But can it boast the calm repose
That breathes to us with holy spell,
When wandering by, at evening's close,
The waters of the blue Moselle?



THE BLUE MOSELLE.

They lave the feet of ancient trees—
The humble shepherd's peaceful fold;
And castles, too, where heaven's breeze
Fann'd Freedom's flag in days of old.
There lingers round those pleasant shades
A beauty which no tongue can tell;
And richer festoons wreathe the glades,
Where murmurs on the blue Moselle.

The battle's storms have o'er thee pass'd,
Beneath the Imperial conqueror's eye,—
And many a war-worn heart, at last,
Has come to thy sweet banks to die.
And peaceful ever may'st thou glide,
Still soothing with thy plaintive swell
The wanderers that roam beside
The waters of the blue Moselle.



THE KING AND THE CUP.

Monarch once in Thulé
There lived in time of old,
And his Love, when dying, gave him
A jewell'd cup of gold;
And at the royal wassail
'T was proudly set on high,
And ever as he drain'd it
A tear-drop dimm'd his eye.

But at last his days were number'd,
And he gave his treasures up
To his heirs—his towns—his kingdom;
But not his golden cup.

THE KING AND THE CUP.

He sat within the palace
 (His brave knights round him stood)
Of his father's ancient castle,
 Above the ocean flood.

There from his throne uprising,
 As he felt his life's last glow,
He cast the hallow'd goblet
 In the wave that roll'd below:
He watch'd it filling—sinking
 Down deep into the tide;
And when the sea closed over,
 The brave old Monarch died!

THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN'S FUNERAL.

[FREILIGRATH.]

1.

Pale now and cold he lieth
 Where full of life he stood,
And on a bier they bear him,
 His comrades, through the wood:
Six of them, tall and swarthy,
 Well arm'd with steel and lead,
Through the dark pines are bearing
 The pale form of the dead.

2.

Two firelocks, whose long barrels
 Through the pine shade glitter clear,
With three drawn-swords laid crosswise,
 Are the Bandit Chieftain's bier.
On the bright blades he lieth,
 Who loved their sparkling sheen,
And his head droops gently downwards
 To the bright earth's sward of green.

3.

One deep red wound is gaping
On the left side of his head,
Where in an evil moment
The bullet smote him dead.
And as they bear him onward,
From his matted locks of brown
The life-blood ebbing slowly,
Drop by drop comes down.

4.

His eye's proud light is quench'd,
His cheek's rich bloom is dim;
But a scornful smile still show'd
Death was not fear'd by him.
And the sword, which oft in battle
With the foeman's blood was red,
Is grasp'd as firm as ever
In the cold hand of the dead.

5.

That fateful gleam to foemen,
With which it used to glow,
Is lost as it hangs trailing
On the mossy ground below.
And the red tears are flowing
Adown that glittering brand,
As if it wept in sorrow
For the dead man's powerless hand.

6.

His left hand, tightly clutching,
Still grasps his girdle shawl;
As in the last death-struggle,
When sped the fatal ball.
There on his bier the Chieftain,
So brave, now cold reclines—
Borne by his stout Banditti
Through the gloomy Appenines.

7.

Borne by his comrades slowly,
Through dusky glen and glade,
Until the Captain halteth
'Neath the forest's deepest shade:
And then the bier is lower'd,
With a rattling, heavy tone;
The Banditti lay their brother
In his cold dark grave—alone.

8.

No coffin have they made him;
But placed him as he fell,
With his glittering arms beside him,
And the sword he loved so well.
In haste they ground their muskets;
When—hark! a whistle shrill—
They plunge into the thicket;
Away! and all is still.

THE RHINE.



No, they shall never have it,
The free—the German Rhine!
Though vulture-like, to rend it
With talons fierce they pine—
So long as gently floating
Between its banks of green,
A ship shall on the current
Of that sweet stream be seen—
No, they shall never have it!

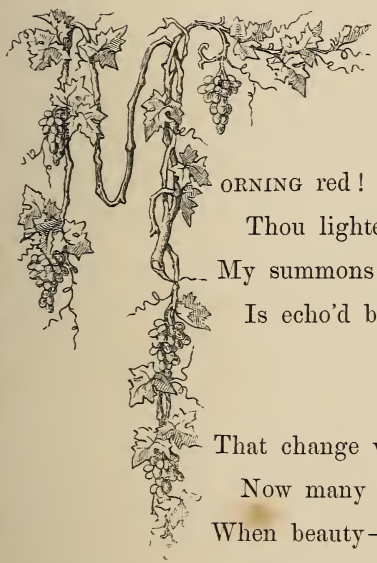
They shall never have it—never!
The glorious German Rhine!
While patriot hearts are bathed
In its generous purple wine;

So long as the broad shadows
 Of tall cliffs o'er it gleam,
So long as proud cathedrals
 Are imaged in its stream—
No, they shall never have it!

No, they shall never have it,
 The free—the German Rhine!
While round its graceful maidens
 The arms of strong men twine,—
And while one fish within it
 Springs glittering from the deep;
And while soft midnight music
 Shall o'er its waters sweep—
No, they shall never have it—
 The German Rhine's free wave,
Till its sacred tide is flowing
 Above the last man's grave!

MORNING RED.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.



MORNING red! Morning red!
Thou lightest me to early death;
My summons to the battle front
Is echo'd by the trumpet's breath.

That change which comes alike to all,
Now many a comrade brave shall share;
When beauty—pleasure—both shall fade,
Number'd among the things that were.

The Warrior's pluméd pomp is gone;
His sword's blue gleam has pass'd away;
In the cold grave he slumbers lone
Who led the proud van yesterday.

That light shall beam no more for him,
Which Beauty's eye dark-flashing threw,
Like summer roses—fading, dim—
Her cheek's bright ray has vanish'd too.

Hark to the sound—proud heart be still!
Swells on the gale the battle-cry;
If so ordain'd be Heaven's high will,
At least one valiant knight shall die.

THEKLA:

A SPIRIT VOICE.

[FROM WALLENSTEIN.]



Where am I?—whither have I wended
 My way? and from thee have I flown!
Is not my pulse of being ended,
 And life and love for ever gone?

Ask where the nightingales have vanish'd—
 To what fair realms, far off—above—
Who thrill'd in spring the soul of music;
 Whose very breath of life was love.

The lost one! Ah, then, have I found him?
 And are we both united now?
Where those once join'd no more are parted,
 And tears of sorrow never flow.

There shalt thou find us once again,
If that thy love has equall'd mine;
And there my Father, free from stain
Of murder, shall in peace recline.

Feeling how true that impulse holy,
Which led him to the starry sky;
He who believes, though humble—lowly—
To the dear heaven is ever nigh.

And then the hope which near us seeming—
For which, through all our life we strain'd—
Is realised—though erring, dreaming—
By child-like faith is Heaven gain'd!

THE POST-HORN.

In rest the hamlet sleepeth;
And the notes that rang so clear
Of the feather'd minstrels' music,
Have faded on the ear.
From her home in the blue heaven,
The moon, with silver sheen,
Smiles down a friendly greeting
Upon the woodland scene.

And the brook that murmurs ever,
Gives back its pleasant tune—
While imaged on its bosom
Is that bright harvest-moon.
How kindly falls thy lustre,
Fair moon! on those who weep,
On mortals sorrow-laden,
And eyes that cannot sleep.

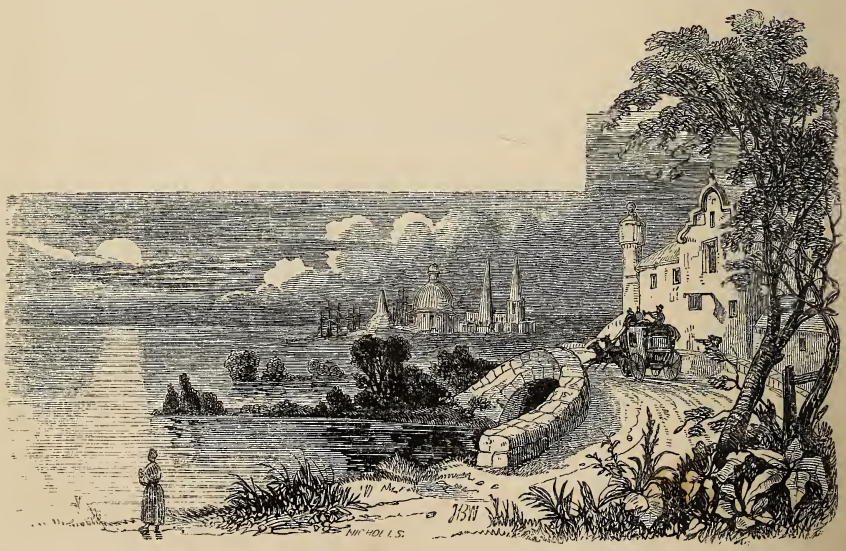
How pleasant to the friendless,
Thy blessed face to see;
To all thou bringest comfort —
But most of all, to me.
On mountain, hill, and meadow,
I hail thy blessed light;
For dreamless, sleepless sorrow
Is o'er my couch to-night.

The distant echoes waking,
I hear the post-horn's bray:
Tidings it may be bringing,
Of old friends—far away.
Through the empty street, far sounding,
Does the wand'ring music float;
And many an ear is straining
To catch its welcome note.

As the carriage rattles onward,
Adown the stony street,
Expecting eyes are gazing,
And anxious bosoms beat.
Now faint it grows, and fainter,
And now the sound is gone,
And I only hear the music
Of the streamlet murm'ring on.

Hearts, that with the sickness
Of anxious hope deferr'd,
Have long been idly beating,
Thy cheerful sound have heard.
Some of them, worn by sorrow,
Thou hast left alone to bow;
And some who wept this morning,
Shed tears of gladness now!

Deep memory, then, recalling,
 Brings o'er me, as I roam,
The forms of friends who wander
 In the pleasant paths of home.
Again, in lovely vision,
 They rise before me clear;
Alas! but they—are far away,
 And I—an Exile here.



SONG.

[HEINE.]



When to my heart thou art folded,
And thy white arms around me are,
Am I not the heaven above thee,
And thou my beloved Star?

Deep, deep is beneath us toiling,
The world with its busy strife,—
Men seeking, with vain endeavour,
For the gauds of this passing life.

What a blest lot to us is given,
Above them to be so far!
While thou hidest in thine own heaven,
Thy head, my beloved Star!

THE BROKEN RING.



Beside a shady forest,
Where the freshen'd breezes steal,
On, in its dripping course, there goes
A ceaseless old mill-wheel:
And near it dwelt a maiden,
Who, with her plighted vow,
A golden ring bestow'd on me—
But *both* are broken now!

And forth, as a lone minstrel,
To the wide world I must roam,
And sing the woe that wearies me,
Far, far away from home:

Or see, like some stern warrior,
In the field of deadly fight,
The baleful watchfires burning,
Through the gloom of the calm night.

I hear the mill-wheel going —
In the green earth's quiet breast,
I soon shall be reposing,
Where the weary are at rest.

THE GRAF OF THE RHINE.

Where the rich grape, purple blooming, gives choice
of sparkling wine,
There lived an ancient Baron, in his castle on
the Rhine;
And with the lark at morning, and at evening's
twilight hour,
He gazed on the blue river that roll'd beneath
his tower.

For in his boyhood's summer, the sweet voice of
its streams
Had cheer'd his waking moments, and murmur'd
through his dreams;
And though his flag victorious stream'd o'er the
battle's line,
In peace he hasten'd ever to his castle on the
Rhine.

Beneath his turrets flowing when he saw the white waves foam,
He pray'd that death might come to him in his old castle home;
And at the evening festival his page fill'd to the brim
A mighty cup of purest gold with rich red wine for him.

* * * * *

Now time his hair had silver'd, and feeble had he grown,
The last time that he stood at Aix, before the monarch's throne;
But within the brilliant circle of courtiers proud and gay
He saw king Death stretch forth his hand to beckon him away.

He mourn'd not then, although he knew the hour
at last was come;
All that his stout heart yearn'd for was—to end
his days at home.
He saw his stately castle, his woods, in vision
fair,
And he bade the kinsmen of his train to bear
him swiftly there.

And in the sunset glowing, when he saw his grey
towers shine,
And the blue waters met his glance of his bright
blessed Rhine;
Then peaceful closed his gladden'd eye, his latest
breath he gave,
And the river that that old Graf loved, now mur-
murs by his grave.

A LAY OF CHRISTMAS.

[GOETHE.]



1.

We cheerfully sing, and inscribe our glad lay,
To the Lord of the Castle here seated;
Whose grandson espoused a fair lady to-day,
And the bridal-guests sumptuously fêted.
In the late holy wars he won honour and fame—
By splendid achievements emblazon'd his name:
Yet behold, when adown from his charger he came
To his mansion, he found it as open as day—
His property vanish'd—his servants away!

2.

There you stand, noble Count; you are now in your home,
And more comfortless quarters you scarcely could find;
Through the chambers neglected the breezes may roam,
And all through the casements loud whistles the wind:

"What now can be done in this cold autumn night—
No servant attending—your rooms in sad plight;
But patiently wait the return of daylight:
In the meantime the moonbeams will show you where best,
On some straw as a couch you may lie down and rest."

3.

There, seeking repose, half asleep as he lay,
Something moves about under his bed;
Perhaps a starved rat may be rustling his way—
For a long time a stranger to bread:
When, lo! issues forth a diminutive wight—
An elegant Fay in a circle of light—
Who, with action so graceful, and speech most polite,
Thus addresses the Count, as he, drowsily peeping,
Can scarcely be sure, if he's waking or sleeping:—

4.

"Our festive assemblies we held in this place,
When, your castle forsaking, to war you had gone,
And as we all deem'd that this yet was the case,
We thought that our revels we still might hold on:
So we plead now for pardon, and hope you'll agree
To our giving a fête in good humour and glee,
And feasting a bride of the highest degree!"
The Count, through his dream, as he lay at his ease,
Says, "'T is still at your service whenever you please."

5.

In an instant three horsemen, who rode on before,
From under the bed leave their station;
Next follow a singing and musical choir,
Comic elves of this miniature nation;
While coaches and chariots came rolling along,
Till the eye and the ear were confused with the throng,
And it seem'd as a Queen to the castle had gone:
At last came a splendid gilt carriage,
With the bride, and her suite, to the marriage.

6.

Alighting, they enter with rapid galope,
And around the saloon take their places;
To waltzes and polkas they joyously hop,
With partners who dance like the Graces:
There they pipe and they fiddle, and tinkle and play,
They spin round in circles so noisy and gay,
And they rustle and bustle, and prattle away,
That the Count, more bewilder'd than ever, now deems
The whole the effect of his feverish dreams.

7.

Thus they clatter and chatter, and frolic in saal,
Amid benches and tables all prancing;
Till the banqueting-room offers welcome to all,
And supper succeeds to the dancing:
The dainties so magic, are sliced so fine!
With roebuck and wild-fowl, and fish from the Rhine:
While goblets go round of the costliest wine,
And the festive enjoyments continue so long,
That they vanish away at the last with a song.

8.

But here let us sing of what later took place,
When the revelry ceased and the noise;
How the pageant, devised by the frolicsome race,
The Count now adopts and enjoys:
So the trumpet is heard with its musical strain—
A splendid procession moves over the plain—
With chariots and horsemen, a numberless train—
All cordially joining, so happy and gay,
To honour the nuptials we witness to-day.

THE PILGRIM.

[SCHILLER.]



While, in boyhood's early summer,
And all youth's joyous hours to come,
With a pilgrim's staff I wander'd
From my father's happy home.

Though worldly wealth was left behind me,
Faith upon the pilgrim smiled,
As forth he went on his far journey,
Careless as a trusting child.

To his soul a voice was speaking—
The mystic warning never ceased—
Wander where the light is breaking!
Onward—to the burning East!

Upward, till the golden portal
Thou hast gain'd and enter'd in,
Where the Earthly turns immortal,
And the Heavenly must begin.

Morning fades, and night unbidden
Comes with shadows dark and chill—
That he seeks for, dim is hidden
From the way-worn pilgrim still.

Mountains pile on pile uncounted;
Angry streams beset my path—
On I went, and all surmounted,
Passing by the bridge of Faith.

On my weary journey going,
I near'd at last a river's foam,
Whose sweeping tides roll'd onward, flowing
To the wish'd-for land of Home.

I put my trust in that bright river.
And thought that all my toils had ceased,
In the tide which turnéd ever
To the portals of the East.

But the waves soon settled o'er me—
No friendly shore was in the lee;
And the whirling waters bore me
Swiftly to a boundless sea.

Ah! no path is found by mortals
That Heaven of repose to near—
Earth cannot gain the starry portals,
Nor the THERE be ever HERE.

MINE OWN SWEET LOVE.

[HEINE.]



Mine own sweet love! when in earth's cold breast,
Thou art still and silent lying,
My wail should then o'er thy place of rest
Be heard with the night winds sighing.

I would go down to that drear abode,
And o'er thy pale form reclining;
Be closed with thee by the flowery sod,
From the sun's glad lustre shining.

Though cold and faded thy form were then,
To my heart I'd as fondly strain thee,
As when in the bloom of thy beauty's sheen
To these arms I first hoped to gain thee.

And in the calm of the deep midnight,
When forth from the grave are streaming
Pale forms that gleam in the white moonlight,
And dance where its rays are beaming;

I would not stir from mine own love's side,
But that last home fondly keeping,
There find the rest which was long denied,
In her dear arms calmly sleeping.

And when the trumpet at last should call
To its doom each shade departed,
The note of that summons would lightly fall
On the grave of the broken-hearted!

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

[SCHILLER.]

1.

"Knight! a sister's fond affection
In me thou still may'st prove;
Ask, then, for no other feeling—
I cannot give thee love.
Calmly would I see thee come,
And calmly see thee part,
But thy glance of silent sorrow
Can never touch my heart."

2.

The Knight hath heard his sentence,
Nor further stay'd to plead—
One last embrace he gave her,
Then bounded on his steed.
He summons all his warriors,
From the Alpine land of snow;
And to the Holy Sepulchre,
Mark'd with the Cross, they go.

3.

None could the stalwart valour
Of his arm in fight arrest,
As o'er the tide of battle
Gleam'd high his burning crest.
Before the Toggenburger,
The Paynim foe turned pale;
But to win his heart from sorrow
Renown could not avail.

4.

A year is pass'd and over,
And still his grief he bore;
At length his eyes discover
A bark on Joppa's shore.
From the serried host removed,
Light breezes swiftly bear
Him to the land beloved,
Where she breathes the air.

5.

At night, before her castle,
A pilgrim's voice is heard,
But from its lofty portal
Resounds the 'thunder-word:'
"The maiden whom thou seekest,
Is to thy prayers denied;
The hour of yester-noon
Beheld her Heaven's bride."

6.

To his stately towers ancestral
He bade a long adieu;
His good sword hangs upon the wall,
His steed is idle too.
From Toggenburg, unheeded,
The Knight has ta'en his way,
And his stalwart limbs are clothed—
Henceforth—in sackcloth grey.

7.

He reared a lowly building,
Where still the traveller sees
The grey walls of that cloister
Peep from the linden-trees.
And there, from dawn of morning,
Till evening's starlight shone,
With nought but hope to cheer him,
The Watcher sat alone.

8.

And ever to the cloister
He turned with wistful eye;
Till from her lattice gazing,
The form he loved came nigh.
Until with gaze enchanted,
Her image he would hail;
Angel mild, and bending
Meekly to the vale.

9.

Then, comforted, he laid him
On his rugged couch awhile,
Till earth once more rejoiced
In morning's rosy smile.
'T was thus, through nights unnumber'd,
Through years of fruitless hope,
There sat the patient Watcher
To see the lattice ope.

10.

Until with gaze enchanted,
Her image he would hail;
Angel mild, and bending
Meekly to the vale.
And there one morn they found him,
With eye all glazed and chill;
But his lifeless glance was resting
Upon that lattice still.

THE CHURCHYARD AT HEIDELBERG.

Sweet spot! where wayworn travellers may pillow
The aching head — their wanderings all o'er;
Where spring flowers bloom, and where life's angry billow
Can never chafe on that untroubled shore.

Mourn ye the fate of loved-ones early taken?—
Then, as ye linger by their graves most dear,
Think of the day when they again shall waken,
Nor deem them lost who slumber gently here.

The Pilgrim who hath from a distance wended
His way through many a toilsome journey led,
Here loves to pause, where life's false hopes are ended,
And Love and Beauty watch above the Dead.

So calm, so still they lie — a countless number,
In that lone spot, where sorrow cannot come;
Till morning's call shall summon those who slumber,
To endless sunshine in the land of Home!

VANISHED HAPPINESS.

[LICHTERFELD.]

Like a beam o'er the clouded sky,
 Like the note of a distant lay—
So our life's dearest dreams must die
 In sorrow and anguish away.

But the bright sun again shall beam,
 And the melody sound once more,
When our hope's proud song and the dream
 For ever are hush'd and o'er.



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